

It was an inspiration. "A chowder," we agreed.

"Captain," said the Professor to the Pilot, "can you make a chowder?"

The old man had just lighted the chips in his furnace, and was down on his knees blowing them into a flame. He looked up, with a strong degree of scorn depicted on his honest face. "Can I make a chowder?" he repeated. "Well, I should think I could; I've made more'n forty thousand."

The Professor, who had a rapid mathematical mind, remarked that that large figure must be only a figure of speech, for to make forty thousand chowders in

"Well, well," said the old man, "I did n't mean forty thousand exactly. I never kept count on 'em; but I've made a great many; and if you like, I'll give you as good a one as Daniel Webster himself ever turned out."

He went to work, and as we had salt pork, potatoes and onions on board, and plenty of "hard tack," or crackers, in less than an hour we were sitting in front of as fine a chowder as one could wish to eat. Our morning soup had given us good appetites, and the chowder rapidly vanished, much to the delight of the connector thereof, who was not a little proud of our appreciation of his culinary skill. We had lighted our cigars, and the Assyrian was brewing a mighty pitcher of what he persisted in calling lemonade, especially when we had got within the bounds of the State of Maine, when suddenly we heard about: "Sloop 'Fido'!" We went on deck. A yacht, crowded with ladies and gentlemen, was lying within hailing distance. "Have you got any fish?" "Plenty. Do you want some?"

They answered with a joyful shout, and four of the gentlemen, turning into their skiff, were soon on board.

One of them proved to be an acquaintance of ours from Portland. They had set out on a chowder excursion to Diamond Cove, and had been fishing all the morning, with scant luck. We gave them fish enough for their chowder, and the Assyrian, whose hospitable instincts had kindled up at the sight of visitors, invited them into the cabin to partake of his favorite liquor, which, like the Chaplain in "Jonathan Wild," he was fond of recommending as a wholesome beverage nowhere condemned in Scripture, and as headed, not contrabanded to Maine law so long as you called it lemonade. He gravely checked one of the strangers who inadvertently spoke of it as punch.

Ascertaining that the people on the yacht had nothing to drink on board but ale, the Assyrian insisted on sending to them a palful of his lemonade, with the compliments of the Helen. The Skipper in our dolefully accompanied the strangers back to their vessel, bearing with him the steaming oblation, together with a dozen of our best fish. They received us present with a cheer, and making sail for Diamond Cove, were soon out of sight among the islands.

Shortly after their departure we got under way, and the ship began to move, the Professor threw over the dredge. In a few minutes it was full, and we hauled it up, and found among the contents several sea shells, fine specimens of star-fishes, and what was then new to me, a number of sea onions and sea cucumbers. These last are living creatures, denizens of the bottom of the sea, at considerable depths. The sea onion resembles a large vegetable onion, cut in two longitudinally; and the sea cucumber, in size, shape, and color, is so similar to the namesake of the land that they were almost tempted to elude it up and try it with a finger. It belongs in fact to the same family with the trepang, of which many species are eaten by the

horses, who employ it in the preparation of nutritious grubs, in common with an aculent sea weed, shark's skin, edible birds' nests, and other materials affording much jelly. The length of the sea cucumber is from four to eight inches, but it possesses the power, with its main limbs of extending or contracting its body at will. Its head, when the animal is alarmed, is so concealed as to be almost imperceptible, but, if it is placed in a bucket of sea water, and left awhile undisturbed, the head will be gradually protruded and expanded, until it assumes the appearance of a beautiful crown, generally of a brilliant rose color. The slightest touch, however, will cause this efflorescence to suddenly disappear. The creature moves principally by the aid of sucker-like feet, of which, in most species, there are five longitudinal rows.

As the Pilot and Skipper wished for news for home, we directed our course to Herrig Gort, an anchorage between Bailey's Island and Jaques, which, as it communicates directly and easily with the ocean, is much frequented by fishermen, and we could hardly fail to find there some vessel fresh from Swampscoot, and certainly some from Gloucester. We anchored

about the middle of the afternoon, among a small flock of schooners with whose crews our seamen were soon in deep conference about persons and affairs on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay.

Allypo or of Prospero and his daughter. Like many of these islands of Casco Bay, it has long been used as a pasture for sheep, and to protect the flocks from the wind, a thick belt of the original forest of evergreens has been left growing all around the shore. These spruces, pines, cedars, firs, hemlocks, and spruces, kept sacred from the axe, and permitted to grow at their own sweet will, bent only by the storms of ocean, are so wildly picturesque as poet or artist could desire. The sheltered interior was a meadow, interspersed with

trunks and clumps of oaks and maples, some of them  
of great size. No house or barn, or sign of human oc-  
cupancy, broke the sylvan solitude of the island, which  
was not marked even by a fence, the inclosing sea con-  
taining the sheep more securely than a wall. A pond in  
the center, fed by springs and garlanded by lilies, gave  
the animals drink.

From the summit of the island the view was superb,  
embracing on one side the ocean dotted with sails, and  
on the other, across the little roadstead where our ves-  
sels lay, the wide level of the pleasant groves and for-

The Asnyan was enraptured with Jaquise and the enthusiasm broke out in random citations from The Tempest: "How lush and lusty the grass looks! How fertile!" he cried in the words of old Gonzalo. And when, following Caliban:

\* I'll show thee  
Every fertile inch of the island;  
I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;  
I'll fish for thee; and  
I'll get thee live men bring thee where crabs grow!"

This last line was addressed to the Professor of Marine Zoology, who, headless of the beauties of sky and sea, of woods and rocks, was already, with his customary ardor, in the service of science, attentively inspecting the beaches in search of specimens of na-

nal history. The Asryanian, who was something of a naturalist himself, took the man of science by the hand, and led him to a great mass of rock, sloping down to the water, and thickly covered with all my necessities. This place swarmed with crabs, and the Professor, whom much practice had made singularly expert in catching these creatures, soon pulled out of its recesses as many as it was convenient for us to carry. We returned to the sloop, and putting the Professor and his prey on board, we left him to study the crabs to his leisure, and went to Bailey's Island, to which we were rowed by the Skipper, who had finished his scrip and came aboard in our absence. Bailey's Island being several miles long, we determined to explore it, and visit a store which was said to be at the other end, in order to purchase some things we needed. We therefore, on parting with the Skipper, directed him to take the sloop round to Mackeler Cove, and we, armed with our guns and traps, and

Our steps were first directed to a respectable looking farm-house which had been in sight from the slope and had attracted our attention by its fine situation on

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

I have just returned from a visit to the some of perhaps greater excellence than any other at present in our country, namely, the oil region of Western Pennsylvania; and I suppose some of your readers will be interested in an account of it. These who have never travelled over Pennsylvania can form no idea of the wildness and beauty of a scenery, and of the immense quantities of land held in the possession of the nation's forests, and bidding defiance to cultivation for ages to come. North-western Pennsylvania, though not boasting of any high mountain peak or lofty range, is broken up by innumerable hills and streams, and between these lie lovely and fertile valleys differently great in width and accessibility. Among these, that of French Creek or Venango River has always been noted, and there may be seen farms equal to any in the country, and a region inhabited by an intelligent industrious and shifty community.

Meadville, a county seat of Crawford County, situated at the junction of the romantic Cussewago and French Creeks, has a wide reputation for its natural beauty, and for the cultivation and refinement of its citizens. Here are located a flourishing college and a theological school, and statistics show that this people seek information and diffuse it, by the fact that they are an office does a much larger business than any place of its size in the State. In politics, the county on an average from 700 to 800 majority for any Democratic candidate, and now secure for 1,000 or 1,200 majority for any Republican. The sentiment of the people is very thorough Anti Slavery.

South-east Meadville, 28 miles, is the Borough of Titusville, an insignificant collection of houses on the banks of Oil-Creek. I cannot learn that this place ever gained any reputation prior to last Summer when Col. Drake, who had a farm about a mile and half south of the village on the Creek, determined to deepen his well. Some say he thought he would try salt, and others that he was really end-avoring oil. This article had been collected in small quantities for many years on the banks of this creek, hence its name. In some places we saw pits where the oil had been taken from the surface by blankets of cloth, however, bored down 69 feet, and was surprised by finding a good supply of oil. He commenced pumping it out, and found it an article worthy of competition. The news spread, other wells were bored, and with success, and hundreds flocked in to see the

discovery. As others bored, different incidents occurred to swell the excitement, such as the oil bar-  
reling up through a hole drilled in the rock with great violence, and to a height of about ten feet from the ground. We saw one of these wells (Chase & Alden) when it only stops occasionally, and the rest of the time it is kept creaked up. There is now no well running spontaneously any length of time, one a Tidewater which is the greatest wonder of the region, did run for a while at the rate of a barrel (40) gallons per minute. This discovery worked wonders on the bank of this hitherto quiet and neglected oil creek. It flows through a region of primitive nature, high and steep hills covered with trees, lined each side and the far-  
ther few and far apart. The people seldom saw a stranger, except the lumbermen on their rafta, running up the in the times of freshets to the Allegheny River and thence to Pittsburgh.

Although Drake's well was opened August, 1859, the *fever* did not reach its height until the present Summer, and we don't very much wonder that no has yet attacked it. Indeed, at no former time had so many adventurers been flocking into "this promised land," and every day several new wells are commenced. Those who have bored and are at work are perfectly sanguine, declaring that there is no investment in the world equal to it in yielding a speedy and large return. The only material expense is that of purchase or lease of a site, and of course this is daily increasing in the most favored localities. Efforts have been successful at considerable distances apart, good productive wells being in operation 30 miles from each other.

From Titusville to the mouth of Old Creek the road is very hilly, and cut up by the heavy wagons which pass daily carrying it with barrels of oil. In Winter the road will be impassable unless much improved. We are called the center of the oil region is at McClintock's place, twelve miles from Titusville, and nine from Franklin. Hamilton McClintock, the fortunate possessor of several hundred acres of land, has suddenly become worth his hundred thousand dollars—and has many hangers, from milk-maids and country lassies, as well as town housewives of fortunes. He gets a certain proportion of all the oil derived from the wells on his place, and of course he has no expense. His house, the only one for miles before this excitement, is the stoping place for travelers and visitors, and every night is well thronged. Each room has four or five beds, and mattresses are spread over the left floors. Mr. McC. is building a new house of ample dimensions, however, in which to entertain company. The charges are certainly moderate, being only \$3 a week for board.

At this place is the appearance of a California ranch or settlement. A hundred or more round shanties have been erected, and on every side you will see the carpenters busy with barrels, sheds, and houses of every description, the predominant, however, to do nothing permanent. There must be a lack of faith somewhere in the land and business or people would build more enduring structures, and those better adapted for the Western climate. All are making haste to be rich, and the whole affair is so novel, and startling, and bewildering that you cannot blame the oil-seekers much for their hurry to get into the ground or to 'strike a vein.' You would think if the supply of oil continues, there must be a flourishing town here, and that mechanics of all kinds would find employment. What is said to be wanted is a good store—there is none now there. Laborers receive from \$26 to \$30 per month. From McCleintock's to Franklin one is never out of sight of the "peculiar institution" of this region, viz: "the Derrick," and in the latter town every man almost has one in his garden. The Hoover well a mile South of Franklin on the Allegheny river is one of the best yet opened, and this encourages everybody to be a digger.

The apparatus for boring is very simple. A derrick is erected, consisting of four timbers from 30 to 40 feet, connected with framing 10 feet square at the base and a cut 1 or 2 at the top. Most of these timbers are on the outside, but many are open except at the bottom. At the top is a pulley over which a steel rope runs, one end of which is attached to the drill and the other to a winchless. The drill consists of a wedge or point attached to a long iron bar or rod of 4 inches diameter. This bar is firmly screwed to another in which the eye is a flat link or "jar," as it is termed. There are several of these, in one drill. The bar is inserted to afford play for the rigid iron which strikes the solid rock. The rope attached to the derrick is then fastened firmly to the end of a long spring pole. This pole is secured at the outer end, some distance from the derrick. A springing motion is then given to the smaller end of the pole from which the drill hangs by various expedients. The simplest is by having a strap or rope suspended from it, with a step-piece at the bottom, in which two men each place a foot. By kicking outward and downward a little, the pole comes down, and the natural spring throws it back to its original position, thus moving the drill up and down a short distance. A man stands by the drill, constantly turning it, to vary the side on which it strikes, and to produce a round hole.

Some have a hinged platform connected with spring-pole, and two men tramp on this all day, the hole is made, the drill is lowered, and at frequent intervals it is elevated by the derrick entirely out of opening, and what is called a "sand-pump" is lowered to bring out the water, earth, &c. The contents of this vessel are scrutinized closely, for indications of oil or gas, and if not satisfactory the drill is again reared. The depth at which oil is found varies from 30 to 400, the average at McClintock's being 150 feet.

Steam power is rapidly being introduced, all who are pumping oil making use of engines of about 5-horsepower, and a few are drilling by this means. Occasionally horses are used, but at present it appears as though every man wants to "put his own foot into it and jump himself rich." It is certainly an innocent occupation; and, in these days of "physical development," why should not our young men develop their "understandings by so healthful and ineffecting an employment as kicking? Alas! that poor Mother Earth should be so treated, however, and be so grievously injured. There are now at least two thousand well-drilling snarks, or in operation. Where pumps are in operation, 5-inch cast-iron pipe is sunk into the well, and as it is drawn up is conveyed on rude troughs or pipes to vary several hundred feet distant. This is done for safety, as the oil in its natural state is highly inflammable, and several establishments have been burned down by an accidental spark. We noticed particularly that flares and pipes were at a discount; indeed we could not see one, as every shed has its sign of "No Smoking Allowed here." Fire has to be handled with the utmost caution.

Vats for receiving the oil and separating the water are erected according to the yield of the wells; barrels are filled as fast as they can be obtained, and sent off immediately by wagon to Union, thence by the Sunbury and Erie Railroad to Erie and the New-York and Erie Railroad. All the oil yet obtained, with a few slight exceptions, has been bought by a firm in Jersey City, who have controlled the market. The opening of new wells daily, however, and the increase of the trade, will undoubtedly cause the oil men to seek other channels of communication. Some is now sent by the river to Pittsburgh. Some enterprising citizens of Meadville have formed a company, and are about to erect a refinery in this place. They now have a small one in operation with successful results.

*Barrels, barrels,* are the great want now, and much oil is lost daily by the scarcity of this article. We should think a good establishment of this kind would pay large profits, as we only saw one in Kingstonville. The barrels are sold at \$2 apiece, and there is already a demand for a thousand a day. The "Williams well," owned by Tanner and Watson, runs from one hundred to one hundred and twenty barrels of oil every twenty-four hours. On Sunday, work is suspended, and on Mondays the well yields water only. It required almost a day's pumping to regain the condition of Saturday as to the flow of oil. This well is 150 feet deep. It runs 68 barrels itself.

The estimate given for boring, etc., are about as follows: Tools, \$75; derrick, \$30; digging above the rock, at \$1 per foot, 50 feet, \$50; boring, \$1 50 per foot, 50 feet, \$75; and \$2 12 1/2 for 100 feet; 1 tal for 100 feet, \$282 50; pump \$125; total, \$557 50. This is for a well of 200 feet. But to this must be added the expense of piping, repairs, incidentals, etc., making at least \$1,000. Then the cost of the lease of the land, and the risk run of boring perhaps 200 feet, and getting a well of 200 feet, must be considered. The total expenses of a well are about calculated at \$5 a day, or including barrels, freight, etc., to New York, \$30; and if 10 barrels are obtained at 40 cents a gallon, the receipts would be \$100 in 24 hours.

Doubtless there will be more failures than successes for so many rush into the thing without consulting the most experienced workmen and heavy outlay without calculation for accidents. Good advice given by a Titusville paper that no one should expect money in this enterprise without being able and willing to lose every dollar invested.

T. e whole thing is as new and the supply of oil has been so great that difficulty is experienced in bringing it into use, and time will be required for this purpose. It is claimed that it has the following uses: 1. As a medical agent in sprain, a loss to barns, bruises, sprains, etc. 2. For lung complaints, coughs, rheumatism, etc. 3. For greasing wood. 4. For preparing paint. 5. As an illuminator. 6. For generating steam. 6. As a lubricator. If it answers well for only part of the uses it will be evident.

The political campaign has just fairly commenced here. On Saturday, Sept. 1, there was a Republican meeting for Crawford county in Meadville. It was addressed by C. L. Curtin the candidate for Governor, and Mr. Coffee, a lawyer of Philadelphia. Nearly every township was represented, and the meeting was large and spirited. A tall pole was erected with the names of Lincoln, Hamilton, and Curtin flung to the breeze. The ladies of the town had made a flag the largest one ever seen in this section. The Republican White-Awakes, embracing nearly all the young men here, had a fine procession in the evening. Their fires are kindling, and everything indicates that the Republican majorities in Northern Pennsylvania will exceed any heretofore given.

The whole of August has been clear and delightful, and the farmers are rejoicing over unprecedented harvests.

W.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.  
MONDAY, CLAY, II

After a residence in California for nearly eleven years I find myself again "a wanderer, and again no longer among the "pioneers," in "a strange land," surrounded with all the evidences of a second California mountain mining life! This portion of Utah is famous "Carson" Valley, and the scene of that great explorer after whom it is named; and our new city lies surrounded by mountains and ravines to be counted by scores from our door. Directly above us rises Mount "Washee," more recently named Mount "Davidson," from the fact of a gentleman by that name ascending its peak and placing his handkerchief on a staff for a signal. This mountain is over 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, and we are about 1,000 feet lower; consequently you can judge how clear and light the atmosphere is here during the Summer months. During the "dry season," of about five months, we have delightful weather, and at times very warm; but with bracing night air, so refreshing for rest and sleep we do not mind the warmth of the midday. Our city is only about a year old, now contains over 1,000 houses, of stone, brick, wood, and cloth; and the number of its inhabitants, including many families, with scores of children, must be near 4,000. This includes a hundreds of visitors that are daily flocking in from

Some years ago a few struggling prospectors for gold were scraping and digging for placer diggings, in the ravines that ran at the feet of many of the hills and mountains that form the great basin in which our city is located, when, by pure chance, they discovered the existence of the wonderful Comstock Ledge, on which the Ophir, Mexican, California, Central, Spanish and Gould and Curry, and many others are now producing the glittering silver ore, that is, or will assist, to establish the world and eventually outstrip California in its golden wealth.

Every day a flock of teams of mules, laden with rocks from the mines, are passing toward the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, where the steam-whistle hourly sounding of the recently erected mills, which will soon begin their stamping and crushing out ore at all the various districts—Gold Hill, about a mile south of the City, and the Nevada district, about a mile north of Devil's Gate, and Silver Lake, about a mile further south, are progressing rapidly, in the erection of the great machinery for the extraction of gold.

silver, of which there is an inexhaustible supply for the next hundred years, if not longer. Flowery District, Argentine, Steamboat, Galina, Castle, Sullivan, and Eagle districts, are also alive with hundreds of eager prospectors; and are being topped upon thousands of feet of gold, copper, silver, and iron. The next district, the Yellow, proper, as also almost every other description of earth's riches. Capitalists are quickly harvesting the amounts, and an agent from the French Government, (Mons. Laur) is busily at work securing property, obtaining such information as will warrant the investment of French capital.

Our business enterprises are very extensive, as it requires thousands of goods to be on hand when we make the route over the mountains impassable. Among those recently located here is Atwill & Co. formerly in the music business on Broadway, but the past ten years in business in San Francisco. They have now established a large house for agency of "mines, real, estate, auctioneers, and commission merchants." At their office is kept a register of daily arrivals, and the names of the various corporations.

consummated there. Among the recent arrivals in  
lance, well known on Wall street can be recogni

Dr. L. D. Lusk, S. P. Dewey, J. A. Dow, W. L. Luttrell, H. R. Hirsch, A. Dugger, S. A. Chase, W. L. Brown, J. A. H. Storry, N. G. Blalock, M. L. Townsend, J. O. East, Gen. J. H. Haven, B. D. Rainey, J. Judson, A. C. Wickham, J. P. Carrigan, L. Richardson, J. N. Olcott, J. P. Bailey, C. F. G. Smith, Mon. Laur, J. W. Farrington, G. B. Baker, J. H. Smith, J. W. Griffin, Geo. J. Brooks, Josiah B. Smith, G. W. Fry, and others.

Large sums of money are being expended in opening new and improving old roads in every direction, and already the stages run over the "Sierras" in all directions, and the people are enjoying the pleasures and business facilities to visit the country. The portions of the Territory cannot produce! Our great country for pleasure seekers or invalids is the famous hot springs of "Steamboat Valley," about ten miles north of the city. These springs are highly medicinal, and many do not like to handle, but very handy for cooking, washing, &c. Many of them, however, are so temperate as to be used for drinking. The water is so pure and pleasing and refreshing spring invites wonder by its satisfaction. The constant roar of hidden water is about thirty feet under ground, and the escape of steam from scores of breathing holes gives to that portion of Utah its very appropriate name. This part of the mining portion of the Territory is very valuable for the reason that it is so near the coast, and the water of the mineral is also its land and silver ore, and from these sources reaching here yesterday, coal in abundance, which if correct makes our mineral resources of vast greater value, by having the means at hand to consume as well as crush. The accounts up to this evening from the new mills just commencing work at Ogden, and the new ones being constructed at Salt Lake, and claims in that direction, and will stimulate capitalists to hasten the erection of each in every district.

We are as yet without law, save that of villainy; knowing they are well watched, and it will go hard with the transgressor. Many accounts have gone forth that Virginia City is very unhealthy, which is entirely untrue; and that the water is bad, and full of miasmatic poison. I have been here over three months, and with the numerous doctors that have rushed up here to testify that Virginia City is one of the most healthy places upon the American Continent.

Our political atmosphere is very much clouded, for among our great American people there are a vast number of every party. Even Mormonism is here represented, but no one has ventured to bring more than a passing allusion to the vicinity of the "Eastern Slope." Lamentable as our political failures are due to the narrowness along the foot of our mountains; and, as regard the people, as were as many of them look, the elasticity and force of the strong Western farmer is such that but a few days suffice to make him, to all appearances, "the master horse."

At present provisions, vegetable, fruit and game are almost as cheap as in the interior of California, and for the most part the people are satisfied in all respects, although all the elegances and superfluities of Delmonico's are still being made for church and school-houses, as already liberal donations have been made for such purposes. Until a suitable church is erected, Sunday school services are performed in a large lodging house, where sixty to one hundred men, women and children meet together twice each Sabbath, to bow before Him who created them, hear their journey away from home, and loved one. If the above be acceptable, perhaps you may agree in hearing from AS OLD KICKEROCKER.

N. B. The resources of this part of Utah, will soon be known to you Gothermies, in a plan about to be adopted, which carried out will give more general and greater information than can possibly be given by letters or writers. A young and talented lawyer, H. C. Jones, is about to give many truthful and educating accounts of the gold and silver wonders of this newly-developed portion of Uncle Sam's farm.

**SAILING UNDER FALSE COLORS**—Late on Thursday night Officer Stacey, of the Fourth Ward, while on duty in Cherry street arrested a person for being drunk and disorderly. On taking his prisoner to the Station House he found that instead of having a drunken sailor as he at first supposed, he had a female in male attire. She gave her name as Ellen Smith; said she was 25 years of age, and a native of Ireland. According to her own story, Ellen intended to ship as a sailor or board a vessel bound for a foreign port, but that was not all a fabrication, as she has actually paraded herself in the public streets of the Fourth Ward for some time past. Ellen, after lodging in the Station-House over night, was arraigned before Justice Welch the following morning. She came swaggering up to the magistrate's desk in a devil may-care manner, dressed in a sailor's cut-away coat, buff-colored pants, and a sailor's cap. Her hair was cut short, giving her a boyish appearance. The officer preferred a charge of vagrancy against the prisoner, and the evidence tending to sustain the complaint, the magistrate sent her to the Penitentiary for six months. During the examination the prisoner was very uncommunicative and refused to answer most of the questions propounded to her by the Court Clerk.

**BURGLARY IN EIGHTY-THIRD STREET—PERSUAD-  
ING AND CAPTURE.**—A young fellow, 31 years of age, giving  
his name as James Wilson, as charged, on Thurs-  
day afternoon forced an entrance to the residences of  
Mr. Thomas Howard in Eighty-third street, between  
Third and Fourth avenues. While in the house the  
burglar was discovered by Officer Murphy of the  
Twenty-third Precinct, when he dashed through a rear  
door into the yard, and, scaling a fence, escaped into

Eighty third street. Wilson ran several blocks, pursued by the officer, and jumping into a Third-avenue car, left for the lower part of the city. Not to lose him, the officer procured a horse and carriage, and pursued the car to Sixty-first street, where the alleged burglar again took to his legs, but this time he was taken prisoner. Wilson was taken before Justice Brownell, and locked up for trial in default of \$1,500 bail.

**ARREST OF A BURGLAR.**—The residence of Mr. Thomas Howard, in Eighth second street, between Third and Fourth avenue, was entered Wednesday afternoon by a couple of burglars, who gained admission to the premises by prying open one of the front windows. The house was uninhabited, the family being still absent in country. Officer Murphy, of the twenty-third ward, while passing the house in doing the window was slightly open, tried the front door and by doing so alarmed the thieves, who fled over the fence in the rear into Eighty-third street. Anticipating their movement he was soon upon their track. After a long chase down Lexington avenue the officers succeeded in arresting one of the thieves who gave his name as James Wilson. The other fellow made it impossible to tell what amount of property had been stolen from the house until the return of the family. Upon the person of Wilson was found a few trit trit hats which had evidently been stolen from the premises.

W. NARRING TO FREE NEGROES AT EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.—The following handbill has been posted in Evansville, Ind. We have no other information than it contains concerning the formation of a Vigilance Committee at that place:

*Notice to Free Negroes.*—The laws of Indiana provide that after a certain date no Free Negro shall migrate to this State. Other cities and towns in Indiana are expelling the negroes from among them, and are to the laxity exhibited by our authorities and citizens generally, Evansville is being overrun and cursed by the worst class of the race, worthless, drunken, and thieving rascals, to such an extent that those who have suffered from their bad conduct are resolved to suffer no longer, and will take the law in their own hands. This notice is therefore given, that at the expiration of five days from the date hereof, every negro, of either sex, who is not by law entitled to a residence among us, must not be found in the city, else he will be dealt with in a summary manner by the VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

**THE AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION CELEBRATES.**—The anniversary celebration of this Association occurred in Newark on Wednesday. The members are of the Protestant faith, and composed of Irishmen, although Germans and Americans of kindred sentiments are admitted. As the cars containing the New-York associations were passing from the Market-street Depot, the members kept up an incessant firing and cheering, and when at Commerce-street crossing, one of the party on a car suddenly fired his pistol toward the crowd, and a colored person who was gathered on the sidewalk. The ball fell into the neck, inflicting a wound of the most dangerous character, the ball lodging somewhere in the chest. Medical aid was immediately procured and the man examined, but the ball could not be found. The woman appeared very comfortable at last upon being examined, but the ball could not be found. The man may possibly recover, but the chances are against what against her.

The steamship Matanzas, for Matanzas, sails  
Pier No. 30, North River, to-day, at 11 a. m.